

## Yeats and Elkhounds

You went to MIT and rowed crew,  
On weekends gallivanted with friends,  
Only coming home to roughhouse with your  
elkhounds.

You put on a brave face,  
But at night you read Keats,  
Coleridge,  
And Yeats,  
To take your mind off the pains of chemo.

I married you and slowly watched you  
Slip  
Away.

A widow at 26.

The volumes still sit on my shelf.  
I don't read them.  
I've never owned an elkhound.

They were yours.

But you were mine.

*Kitty Rodney*